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SCHOOL

BY WINIFRED WELLES

His seat was by a window: so he dreamed.
How could he study when the sunlight gleamed
In small, sweet shapes like wild things tame enough
To dart to him and touch his hands for love?
While there were profiles carved in every cloud
To mark as grim or ludicrous or proud,
And agile shadowings to writhe and crawl
Like ghostly spiders up and down the wall,
He could not help but turn their way to look.
His eyes, that would not follow down his book
The muddy trudgings of deliberate words,
Reflected blue and silver flights of birds.
You would not think that just a window space
Could hold so much of loveliness and grace.
But once, when a frail scrap of paper moon
Enchanted him from ten o'clock till noon,
They moved him to the middle of the room.
He learned his lesson then for very gloom . . .
Until, came glowing to a nearby chair,
A little girl with sunset in her hair.
His soul rekindled, and the pale dreams came
To warm themselves once more at this new flame.
He pushed aside the dusty Greek, he had
A different way to read the Iliad.
While through cold ashes others groped to learn,
He lit the towers of Troy and saw them burn.

WINIFRED WELLES.